In Retrospect_

Selections
Creative Writing Class
Methodist Retirement Home
Durham, North Carolina



In Retrospect

Special appreciation to Liza Sharpe, for her guidance and inspiration.

Creative Writing Class

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MINISTER (The Faithful Speak)

We did not bargain for this special grace, As quietly bestowed as April sun To leaf and root—this kindly warmth, This gentle benediction.

We may not search the secrets
Of cathedral arch and spire,
The panoply of white clouds in the spring,
October's gold profundity; but this we know:

We did not bargain for this grace, this agape, Affirming and confirming the reality Of cathedral arch and spire, Of great clouds massing free, October's green and gold epiphany.

Mary Penney

EYES

Everywhere are eyes.

Eyes that delve into life's mysteries.
Eyes that communicate joys.
Eyes that share unspoken comedy.
Eyes that brood sadly.
Eyes that fantasize dreamily.
Eyes that live again the pleasant past.

Everywhere are eyes.

Self centered eyes that look only inward. Alive, merry eyes that anticipate coming events.

Bleak, hopeless eyes that stoically endure. Superior eyes that judge others, aloofly. Comradely eyes that share understanding. Calculating eyes, making precise plans.

Eyes are mirrors,
Revealing the real person.
Together, a computer,
Measuring civilization's progress.

Mary Auman 1983

MY BURNING BUSH

Today I saw
a bush aflame
yet not consumed
stricken I tried
to run and hide
a voice told me
that where I stood
was Holy Ground
I knew and knelt

No forest there no plant nor tree a splendid deed bedazzled me.

Peggy Parrish

What if God charged us for the rain That greens our fields of fruit and grain Or for frost etched pictures on a window pane.

Suppose we might have to pay
To see the sunset at the close of day
Or watch the stars in the Milky Way.

What if we paid fifty cents a night To watch the pale morm's silvery light Chase dark shadows into light.

What do you think it might cost to hear The happy laugh of a child playing near Who never knew either hunger or fear.

Or white tipped waves of a majestic sea With sea gulls chanting their symphony All these things God gives us free.

Murrel Edlin

GOD SPEAKS

When tragedy makes the heart cry out, "Where is God? Where can I find Him?" Listen carefully, child of God, For deep in your heart He will speak to you.

"I am your I am.
Without My presence you wouldn't be you,
For I am the life that flows through you.
All living things are expressions of Me.
There is no end to the things I can be.
But in you, I am your I am."

Naomi Mosier

HANDS! HANDS!

How could we work without them --We express our friendship by a handshake We give a pat on the back or cheek for love We spread our hand in acknowledgment We lift a hand to indicate a direction We point a finger to have someone pick up an object We move our hands downward To place an object We motion our hand to bring a person to us We spread our hands to indicate a seat We double our hands in a fist to express anger We motion our hands to move someone toward us We push our hands to push away We wave our hands to say goodby We lift our hand to surrender We press a finger to our lips to indicate silence We lift our hands high to indicate the heaven above We clap our hands in praise We fold our hands in prayer All these things are made

possible by holding the Hand of God

SNOWFLAKES

Snowing! Ah, the glorious sight To see the Artist work in white, And watch the snowflakes gently fall In answer to some unknown call.

Each flake, a different crystal planned; A witness of the Master Hand That fashioned us yet bids us go To sleep at last beneath the snow.

How like the snowflakes then are we, Each soul a separate entity; We're given life, and yet from birth We drift like snowflakes to the earth.

"Like snowflakes perish there?" you ask? To answer that is not my task; For such an answer you should go And ask the God that made the snow.

Dr. J. V. Turner

THE BEGINNING

My father was born and grew to manhood on the Moore County side of Cape Fear River. My mother lived on the opposite side in Chatham County. Crossing the river by ferryboat at a place called Avent's Ferry was the usual way of getting to the other side. This was accomplished in a small rowboat for passengers and a large flatboat for horses, buggies and wagons. A ferryman was in charge, who, for a small fee, carried both passengers and vehicles across. The ferry operated daily and on schedule as long as the river was in the banks but sometimes when the river rose to flood stage, crossing was too hazardous to attempt and the boats did not operate.

When my father and mother began seeing each other, usually on Sunday, dating could become a problem, living on opposite sides of the river, especially when the river was at flood stage and the ferry could not operate. But high water was no problem for my father. He put on his Sunday clothes, rode horseback to the river, tied his horse in the bushes, took off his clothes, strapped them to his back, and swam the dangerous river. Once on the other side he put on his clothes and walked the short distance to the Avent home to go courting.

Fortunately, most of the time, the river was in the banks and crossing was easy, but then my grandmother was strict about who and when her daughters had callers. Always on Sunday, never on week days or at night. But love found a way and on December 21, 1887, they were married. She was sixteen and he was twenty-five.

SECOND WIFE

Like the other women in our crowd I was prepared to dislike Emily, Bill's second wife. Mary, his first wife, had been one of us for years and we were indignant when Bill, in less than a year, married again. We resented the fact that while we still mourned Mary's death and felt a deep personal loss he had taken another wife and, to make it worse, someone we did not know.

Ever since the local paper had carried the announcement of the marriage of Mrs. Emily Reeves Willington, of Dallas, to Mr. William Henry Gray, we had talked of nothing else. I was glad that they had gone on an extended wedding trip to Hawaii for it gave us time to get over our shock and resentment and to decide how to receive them on their return. Our first reaction had been to ignore them but our husbands protested such drastic treatment. They all agreed that Bill was no fool and we should give Emily a chance before passing judgment.

As the weeks passed we ceased to feel bitter about the marriage and curiosity and our genuine fondness of Bill modified our attitude.

I was thinking about these things as I ran the vacuum cleaner. Tonight was one of our regular gatherings. For years, once a month, we got together, first at one house then another, for a buffet supper. Each couple contributed food and the hostess provided cocktails, hors d'oeuvres and coffee. Emily and Bill had returned from their wedding trip only yesterday and I had called and asked them to join us tonight at my house. Bill is one of my favorites and I was anxious to see him and I'll admit, I was woman enough to be curious about "that widow." I wanted the evening to go off smoothly but was apprehensive of the attitude of the other wives.

As the day passed and the time for the party drew near my nervousness increased; I expressed my fears to Paul, my husband. He laughed at me but promised to do his best to keep the men in line but said I'd have to manage the girls.

As the couples began to arrive it was evident that the wives were making this an occasion. Helen had cooked her Hungarian spiced beef, which she prepares for very special affairs, Martha, our glamour girl, flaunted a new hair-do, Betty had cut her precious "Snow Queen" camellias and made a breathtaking arrangement for the table, and the others had outdone themselves with salads, casseroles and dessert. I was not immune to the fever for I had taken my best china from the top shelf, polished the silver and spent hours over the hors d'oeuvres. Eleanor was the only one who had made no effort to impress Emily. When the food was placed on the table we stood around sipping our drinks and waiting expectantly. Bill and Emily were not late; we were early.

A few minutes before seven I heard footsteps on the porch and went to greet the bride and groom. Bill beamed as he introduced Emily. In the cross currents of greetings there was no constraint on the part of anyone. The husbands pounded Bill on the back, "You old rascal, how did you get her," and "You pulled a fast one," were heard. The women were more restrained.

Emily held out a dish covered with aluminum foil and said, "Bill didn't tell me until late that everyone brought something, but I fixed these." As I removed the foil all eyes were fixed on the dish. It was a large silver shell filled with salted pecan halves still warm from the oven. I sighed with relief, no competition here, an extra salad, vegetable or dessert would have been awkward. The pecans were the perfect selection. One point scored for Emily.

Dinner was gay and informal. When the first rush of serving and seating was over I took time to really look at Emily. She was not at all what I had expected. In my imagination I had pictured the widow from Dallas as a femme fatale who had set her cap for Bill and swept him willy-nilly to the altar. Now I had to revise my concept of her. She was

older than I had expected, in her early forties, and there was a streak of gray in her blond hair, her figure was good but not provocative and she wore expensive but conservative clothes. In addition to her physical attractiveness she possessed a natural charm that defied criticism. I was glad she was not a beauty, one beauty in a crowd is enough and Martha is ours.

During dinner the conversation was general. Emily must have felt out of it as we talked of people she did not know and of occasions we had shared of which she was ignorant, but she made no effort to steer the conversation into less intimate channels. Looking back I'm afraid we were not very considerate.

After dinner I saw Agnes taking in every detail of Emily's costume and mentally attaching a price tag to each item. Evidently the total was staggering for she whispered almost in awe, "Neiman-Marcus." Later this surmise was confirmed when Emily said, "Neiman-Marcus has lovely things. I splurged on two or three dresses from there and I'll have to wear them for years." This frank remark pleased us for each of us knew what it was to "invest" in one good dress and wear it season after season.

The evening was going nicely. The men accepted Emily as soon as they realized she presented no challenge and they could be comfortably themselves in her presence. Later in the evening, as usual, they drifted into the library leaving the women in the living room.

The talk was of things of interest to women. When food was discussed Emily praised the Hungarian spiced beef and I noted with admiration that she was too wise to ask for the recipe. I could see Helen capitulate. Later when we were discussing flowers she asked who had grown those gorgeous camellias, and Betty beamed. As the evening wore on I could see the women relent and here and there a white flag

go up as one after the other surrendered to Emily's charm, but there remained a feeling of restraint, something was needed to unite all the women behind her.

This came late in the evening, after the men had rejoined us. I don't know what prompted it but in a lull in the conversation I heard Eleanor say to Emily, "Don't misunderstand, I'm not being critical. Where I come from it's called New England frankness."

Others had heard and now the room was hushed, everyone was waiting for Emily's answer. She spoke slowly, in a low voice in contrast to Eleanor's loud nasal tone, "O, I'm glad you explained or I might have misunderstood. You see where I come from it's called rudeness."

No one moved. No one made a sound. Everyone was looking at the two women. A smile was on Emily's lips but it had not reached her eyes. Before her steady gaze Eleanor had the grace to blush.

Betty quickly made some irrelevant remark and the crisis was passed, but the miracle had happened, we were all united behind Emily. For years we had endured Eleanor's rudeness masquerading as "New England frankness," and longed to challenge her but dared not as we feared her caustic tongue, but Emily had gone to bat for all of us and how cleverly she had done it. As I looked at the women there was admiration and acceptance on each face.

Much later in the general confusion of departing guests, Bill found a moment to draw me aside and thank me for the evening. "You were thoughtful to ask us and Emily and I have enjoyed it. I do hope you will love her."

Enthusiastically I replied, "Of course, we will. How can we help it when she's so much like Mary."

After I had said it I was stunned. Why had I made the comparison? Even as I wondered I realized

that it was true. Would Bill resent it? I need not have feared. He put an arm around my shoulder and gave me a hug. "That's exactly what I said the first time I saw her."

Frances H. Harvey

I REMEMBER MAMA

How well I remember Mama! Her fine character, her love not only for her family but others as well, her uniqueness, living in the present but style of dressing in the past, her happy outlook on life, which she received from her husband, who said and lived this expression-"Come day, go day, God send Tomorrow." Mama, who was my maternal grandmother, lived in a small yellow cottage, which she had paid for by sewing and nursing after her husband died. This little home was always open, and welcomed her children. My mother was married at 17 years and was very immature. My father was 9 years older and bought a home, where I, the oldest of 4 children, was born. Mother was very unhappy in the new home with a small baby and so we moved back with Mama. She was so happy to have her first grandchild and we became very close and remained that way always. great-great-grandmother at that time owned a whole block of property in the little town--4 blocks from the town square. She gave each of her children property to build a home and Mama in turn gave my family property. They built next door to Mama, with a gate to enter each others' home conveniently. family's home was more modern and had conveniences Mama didn't have, but I chose to stay with Mama for years.

My mother was very ill one summer and I can remember Mama, with her featherbed coming through that gate, to stay nights while Mother was so ill.

Mama was short and fat with long coal-black hair and few grey hairs even at her death at 89 years. She wore her hair parted in the middle and each side rolled back and made into a large bun in the back. She had olive complexion and never put anything on her face but cornstarch, and that only when she went out which was on Sundays when she went to church and a friend's funeral or to town before Christmas to buy each of us a small Christmas gift. My, how pretty and proud she looked! Around the house she wore black cotton print dresses over 2 petticoats. The dresses came a few inches from the floor, black cotton hose and black laced shoes, but when she went out it was a black taffeta dress with a white lace collar and under these petticoats she wore a cotton chemise slip and her underpants were different from any I have ever seen. She made them of cotton material, an inch waistband, with two separated legs. One time only one leg came back from the laundry and she was distressed-it wasn't the loss so much as the thought that someone was playing a joke on her because her clothes were different from others. Mama had made her wedding underclothes and was saving them to be buried in. For 50 years she saved them, would launder them and lovingly put them away again. My father gave her yards of black taffeta material and she made it into a very pretty dress and said she wanted to be buried in it. I think she lived so long that the dress was worn out. In those days, very few women wanted to be taken to a funeral home when they died, but were bathed and dressed by a member of the family or a good friend who had arranged with each other to do this favor. I heard Mama say all her friends had died and she didn't know who would "put her away." She was taken to the funeral home, however. She did live for a few days to know she had become a great,

great, grandmother, which made her very happy. After my family moved next door, my uncle was married and he moved in with Mama. They had 5 children in 7 years—two were twin girls and one child died in infancy. Their mother died soon after the last child was born so Mama raised those 4 children till they were grown.

Mama's nursing was to mothers at childbirth and she stayed on for weeks to look after the mother and baby. She went all over town and was much loved and sought after by expectant mothers. Mama always had a vegetable and flower garden and worked it herself till the end. When scolded about working so hard there, her remark was "If I die in my garden, I know I will die happy," and she worked on.

Mama had quite a few "frans" as she called them. She might have become interested in one of them had it not been for Mother, who would go over and sit till the friend left. She was afraid Mama might marry. Mama was never sick, never went to a hospital and was only ill for 2 weeks before she died. Then she became very talkative and told Mother about her life as a child and her experiences during the Civil War, which Mother took notes on and has passed down to her heirs and we have treasured them.

What a long, fruitful life Mama lived! It was not always happy as poverty, death, disappointments and other family problems came her way, but she always seemed to know how best to meet them. She truly lived her religion by living for others and forgetting self. How could I forget Mama? I pray that I have inherited some of her fine characteristics.

MOVING

The family lived in a small town where there was one wealthy family. My mother was in poor health and I was called on to help her in every way I could.

We were moving to a new parsonage, and the family asked to have the Rolls-Royce at our disposal. The day was rainy but why worry when we would be driven in a closed car with style to the new home.

The roads were red mud and the driver did the best he could with the big car which slid from one side of the road to another side.

Finally the car gave up.

There was an old farmer with a wagon and mule, yes, he would take the preacher folks to the new parsonage.

Mother wrapped herself in a quilt and all our odd pieces of luggage were dumped in the wagon.

We went to a neighbor's house and Mother had pneumonia.

Pride goes before a fall.

Ellie Lewis

INDIAN FRIENDS

When I was three years old my grandparents persuaded my parents to join them in the West. The land was free in Washington State to those who would live on it for a time and improve it. While improving the land, my father was a trucker, carrying supplies up the trail to the Okanogan mines on the Indian reservation. The trail went right in front of our house.

My mother was afraid of the Indians. Many a time, I remember her putting us children under the bed and pulling the dresser across in front of it, when she saw Indians coming down the trail.

The Indians were, ordinarily, peaceful. The only time they were dangerous was when they got hold of the "White Man's Firewater."

One of my most vivid recollections is of visiting my grandparents and hearing a group of noisy Indians coming down the trail. My parents hid me under the sewing machine. They threw a quilt over the machine so I couldn't be seen. The Indians paused in front of my grandparents' house, yelled, and went on down the trail.

Shortly after that my grandmother became very ill. There was no doctor within forty miles. My grandfather tried to treat her with a book of homeopathic medicine he had brought west. She lay ill for six weeks before she died.

During that six weeks that she was ill, every morning some Indian friend would go to the river and catch a fresh fish, wrap it in leaves, and leave it for her. Each morning, when we went outside, we would find it lying on the back stoop. She loved the Indians and they loved her.

The black holes of life
Are where generated energy lies.
It either explodes inwardly,
And destroys itself;
Or it may give birth
To a strong, bright star,
That sheds afar
Its light and energy.

Mary Auman 1983

VICTORY

The time of trial went by and I knew prayers were going up on my behalf. For in an awesome way I soared above the pain and stress yea even the sharp and piercing stabs of those whom I had thought were on my side. I felt some pride But mostly I kept saying (tho' not aloud but deep within my soul) "Oh, thank you, God!"

for well I knew
how quickly I would fall
and loudly yelp
if I should dare to walk
without His help.

OCTOBER

Those last days of summer in Carolina were scuppernong sweet. Sun gold, sky blue, leaf green, translucent yellow, they slipped away almost before cricket, cicada, and mockingbird could distil them into poetry, their music no longer urgent and poignant, but sweet and sommolent with fulfillment.

And now a red October is upon us, a bright ministry of beauty transcending the senses, breathless, lest some faint stir unlatch a leaf and dissipate that ecstasy of form and color.

Sudden fires burn in the oak. The hickory flames with gold. Dwindling showers of orange and bitter reds suspend in the sweetgum--October!

Mary Penney

THE SECOND CUP

With the business of eating breakfast At last accomplished. Now we have attained That second cup of coffee. It's decaffeinated, of course, Better to meet health needs. But still has rich depths. Satisfying to the soul. It pulls you up by bootstrap, Ready to face the world. Its warmth permeates Throughout the whole being, Giving an inner glow Of comfort and contentment. We sip it slowly And gaze out at the landscape. And greet the passersby, As they come and go. We think of the past And anticipate the future. Thoughts visit family and friends, Here and the world around. We contemplate life, With all its varied facets, And strive to mesh them Into a worthwhile whole. So it is with us now. With our decaffeinated lives. We can introspect and enjoy--

This second cup of coffee.

Mary Auman 1983

THE TENTH MAN

"Leah, my dear, I must talk with you. Leave the baby in her crib. I have bad news for us."

"What is it, Nathan? Why are you so worried? Together we can endure anything."

"That is just the trouble—this is something we can't share. How wise my parents were when you were chosen to be my wife. I have grown to love you very much. And our baby, Sarah, has drawn us even closer together. It breaks my heart to have to tell you this, and know that we must part."

"We must part? Oh no, my dear, nothing should part us."

"Perhaps you have noticed that the last several weeks I haven't been my normal peppy self. Much of the time my legs have ached."

"You haven't complained, dear, but I have noticed when you came home in the evenings that your face was flushed and that you liked to rest a bit before we had our supper. I thought that you had been working too hard."

"Yes, that is what I thought, too, until last week when I found a red spot on my knee. I showed it to the priest. He told me to watch it and to come back today. He found an itchy spot on my scalp and the one on my knee seems to have white scales on it. I have leprosy."

Leah's hand flew to her mouth as if to repress a cry. "Leprosy! How can that be? What will we do?"

"I hope mother and father will be willing to take you into their home. They seem very fond of their only grandchild. Perhaps after our little home has been thoroughly cleaned, it can be rented, which will give you a little income. I was talking to Mark the other day and he is planning to be married soon. Perhaps he will be glad to rent it. We won't tell generally why I am leaving. Folks will be afraid of you, knowing that we lived together."

"Where will you go?"

"To the caves south of town."

"But are they not over in Judea?"

"Yes they are, but I am sure that because of our common suffering, racial lines will be forgotten and they will accept me, a Samaritan. I will have to learn to live a beggar's life. Some of the men there have been there for years. I will have to learn from them how to live off the country. My father and yours can sometimes bring food to a half-way meeting spot. You must not come. To be that close to you and not be able to take you in my arms is more than I could stand."

Nathan bowed his head and said, "O God, why have You done this to me? Take care of my dear wife and baby. How can I bear to leave them?"

Leah shook herself slightly and brushed the tears from her eyes. "Yea, Nathan, God will take care of Sarah and me and you, too. I don't know why this has come to us. We must believe that somehow good will come from it."

Leah went into the other room and picked up Sarah. "I am taking Sarah over to your mother and tell her what is happening. I'll be back in a few minutes."

In a short time she was back. "It is going to be all right. Mother Ruth said they will be happy to have me with them. She said she told Father John just the other day that she missed having you at home, it was lonesome without you. And now to have baby Sarah and me was more than she had ever hoped for. She sent her love to you and said that she and Father John would pray for you every day, that somehow you will be healed. She said you must not let yourself become bitter. Try to be cheerful always, helping those who are worse off than you are. Remember to pray often.

"She had just gotten home from the bakeovens and she has sent you her whole batch of bread."

Knowing that the longer he waited the harder it would be to leave, Nathan gathered his bed roll, a plate, a cup and a knife and the fresh baked bread

and after a long look into the face of his dear wife, left the house.

He walked quickly toward the caves where nine other outcasts lived. They were surprised to see him, but made him welcome. He knew he had much to learn about this new way of living, learning what berries were good to eat, what weeds were really wild vegetables, how to catch a hare, how to skin and cook it. He remembered his mother's advice and would wander off to himself for meditation and prayer. The other men laughed at him. They asked him, "How can you pray when God has treated you this way?" While he missed home and his little family very much he found that after praying peace was beginning to steal into his heart.

Not far from the caves where the men lived was a strong bubbly spring that made its way to the sea. During the hot summer days, Nathan cooled his feet in the little stream. One very hot day, as he cooled his feet, he thought how good it would feel to dip his whole body into the cool water. Down a little way from the spring he began to deepen the creek and build a little dam to hold back the water. This project took him several days. It was good to have something to do. The men laughed at him for working so hard. Once the pool was finished he found a few minutes in it reduced his fever and gave him more energy. He began to take long walks in the country. This seemed better to him than just sitting around doing nothing. Then, too, he would often see a hare and he took to carrying a rock to see if he could hit and stun it. If he could kill it, there would be fresh meat for supper. practiced tossing a rock at another stone and became quite proficient, hitting the stone every time from a standing position and most of the time when walking. He invented games to play with the other men when he could arouse them from their lethargy.

As the weather began to turn cooler, Nathan decided to go north. He had heard about the beauty of the Lake of Galilee. He wanted to see it. He asked if any of the other men would like to go with

him, for it would be pleasant to have company. Amos, one of the younger men, said he would go. The rest were afraid to leave the security of their camp fairly close to home.

He told his father his plans. He asked him to tell Leah that he was feeling quite good, that the leprosy spots were not increasing very fast. Leah baked him a large batch of bread and her father sent him a flint rock for starting fires. Amos and he made up their camp pack and started out. The hardest thing for Nathan to remember was to call out, "Unclean, unclean," whenever any one approached them. The two men enjoyed the change of scenery. They avoided villages. A few times they met other lepers and would spend the night with them, hearing local news. The lushness of the Jordan valley amazed them and they found wild dates and olives to add to their meals.

As they came closer to Galilee, they heard stories about a man called Jesus and how he talked to the people about God's love and His remarkable power to cure disease. They hoped they might be fortunate enough to meet Him as they wandered around the lake. Nathan added to his daily prayers the hope that they might meet Jesus and be healed. They spent a few days around the lake, then Amos wanted to go back to the security of their own camp.

Back home they had many stories to tell the other men. Nathan insisted that they only tell the pleasant and lovely things. He said they must forget the unpleasant things. They would remember the lushness of the Jordan valley, the beauty of the sunsets, the quiet peacefulness of the lake with its sailboats and fisherman. The kindness of a woman whose son was a leper. They had met her when she was taking a batch of bread to her son, and she insisted that they take the bread; she would bake her son another batch.

Most of the men were interested in the stories about Jesus. Both his father and father-in-law were interested and retold the stories in their homes. Word came back that Leah and his family and her

father were adding their prayers to his that he would meet Jesus and be healed.

One day his father came hurrying down the path. Amos saw him and called to Nathan. There must be something special for it wasn't bread day. As Nathan got within speaking distance, his father called, "Son, hurry and call your friends. Jesus and His followers are in our village. They are on their way to Jerusalem. All of you hurry to the road. Perhaps you can get there before He passes."

Hope stirred in even the most skeptic as they hurried to the main road. They were none too soon for a band of people were coming toward them. Though none of them had seen Jesus, they knew it was Him and they called out, "Jesus, Master, have pity on us."

He asked, "What would you have me do?"

Nathan replied, "Make us clean. We believe You can."

Jesus smiled and said, "Go show yourselves to the priest. It will be as you believed."

As they went, they were healed. When Nathan saw that his prayers had been answered, he turned back and ran to Jesus, his heart full of thanksgiving.

"Master," he called, "How wonderful You are. I thank God for His goodness, allowing me to meet You. How can I ever thank You enough?" Kneeling before Jesus, he lifted the hem of His garment and kissed it.

Jesus placed His hand on Nathan's head. "Go in peace, my brother. But were there not ten cleansed?" Has no one but this Samaritan returned to give thanks?"

Nathan answered, "They are only doing what You told them to do. But I, a Samaritan, would not be welcome in their synagogue, so I came back to You."

"You are a good man, Nathan. Our Father God and I love you. Go quickly to your good wife."

"Oh how happy she will be! How can we ever repay You for this great Kindness."

"What you do to others is a gift to Me. You

will find ways." With a wave of His hand, He continued on His way to Jerusalem.

Nathan's father had watched from a distance and now he came and put his arms around his son. Together they hurried home. There was much rejoicing as Nathan and his family and Leah and her father gave thanks for the cleansing of the ten and Nathan in particular.

Jesus's words kept coming back to Nathan, "You will find ways". He thought of his nine friends, who had been healed. As the days past he thought of other unfortunate lepers who had not been healed. Perhaps he could do something to help them. Then an idea came to him. Down by his old spring he would build a home for them, with a bake oven, so they could bake their own bread. He would keep them supplied with meal and oil. He would enlarge his pool, so they could enjoy the cooling of their fever. He would meet with them and tell them of his own healing. He would tell them he loved them and that God loved them just as they were. He would encourage them to pray and to help one another.

And so there was built a home for lepers near the road from Samaria to Jerusalem.

Naomi Mosier

IN MY GARDEN

I like to get up early When I know my garden needs Some thorough care and grooming Because of grass and weeds.

There's much that is alluring Quite early in the morn. I like to see the changing sky As day is being born.

The air is cool and fragrant, The grass is lush with dew; And restful quietness abounds That daytime never knew.

Then too, it is rewarding To work my garden clean; The flowers are so lovely. The foliage is so green.

And seeing it when I am through Gives me a wholesome start For that greater task of mine-The garden of my heart.

Dr. J. V. Turner

The sands of time are gritty.

They irritate the eyes,

Invade the ears,

Cause calluses on the feet.

They abrade the joints,

Deteriorate the finger's sensitivity,

Cloud the mirrors of the mind.

But--

We are gritty too!

Mary Auman 1984

THE LINE

The line, I was sure, was a 1/4 of a mile long when I entered the door to get in it for dinner. I didn't want to pass the people to get in the back, so I turned and walked up the steps to first floor and down to the back of the line.

You may be 20 minutes getting to the food. It isn't bad if you can stand all the time and chat, to the one back of you, about your ailments, weather, food, or the last time you saw your children or grandchildren.

Before you realize it you are ready to pick up your tray, place an extra napkin on it and frown a bit trying to decide on a dessert that won't make you fat. You pass up the pies and cake and pick up Jello or a fruit cup. You can't move fast, for the one in front of you can't make up her mind. By the time you've gotten to the meat and vegetables you've forgotten what was on the menu.

Finally you've gotten your coffee, but can't get your cream, for the one in front of you has to wait for someone to carry her tray.

By the time you get to your table two of your table-mates have eaten and are ready to go. You chat a bit and wait for the 4th member of the table to come. We eat and linger a while until the mail is up. The Post Office is near the entrance to the dining room. Then you walk around the building or go directly to your room. You'll take a little nap or look at TV or sew, as I do, until time to get in line again. This is daily routine.

Mae Brothers

I REMEMBER A DAY

After a night of undisturbed sleep, I wake up early. Everything is still, quiet. Morning has come and now it is time to begin a new day. The days have grown longer and sunlight has brightened the room. The muted sound of clocks, radio and bells sound. There is stirring. Water begins to run in the bathrooms and flushes begin above, below and around. Soon soft soles, tiptoes, footsteps, heels tapping, canes, walkers make the way down the hall.

It is Monday with breakfast as usual. The usual good mornings. Today is a holiday--Memorial Day. Flags and red and white decorations and checked table cloths. No mail. Morning with class and assignment.

Instead of the usual nap or soap, a colorful Memorial Service is on television. We look and listen. We are impressed by the pomp and circumstance.

Not much left of the afternoon. Some of the residents gather early for supper and wait outside the dining room. They talk. Usually it is politics, the weather, who's sick, and personal aches and pains. Today is different. Conversation is about the Unknown Soldier and comments on Viet Nam and wars, past and present.

The day has been long and supper is over. Everything gets quiet. Some are in bed and asleep. Others are finishing the next day's assignment.

Lucy Graham

Six-thirty. I reach for the screeching alarm clock and pull a magic lever for silence. I must get my bath. The faucet creaks and cries as I insist on running water, and my eyes try to open. I dress and walk through my neighbor's garden of small white rosebuds, lavender clematis, white and green hosta, red geraniums and begonias.

Doors slam and open in the East corridor. One voice calls to another, and bodies pack into a short line to the cafeteria. Two or three aging ladies, brazen-eyed, enter the line from the wrong end for more toast or another crisp, dry slice of bacon. An immaculate black lady, in fresh blue and white uniform, holds out coffee with a warm smile--if she is not too pushed.

Coffee, cereal, egg and dry toast provide enough stamina for each member to go about such mundane activities as daily exercises, classes in ceramics, news analysis, poetry reading, and reading the daily news. Don't forget the rocking chair. Don't forget it's time to eat again. Here we are again! Honeydew! I gingerly choose a small, narrow green slice, a thin, dry roll of roast beef, collards, mixed vegetables, pecan pie.

Two people at the table discuss politics—Jim Hunt or Jesse Helms, Mondale or Reagan. Sally Smith has fallen downstairs again. Mary Jones is still at the beach with her daughter and grandchildren.

I stumble back to my room. A van is leaving the grounds. I've forgotten where to or why.

I will sleep only a moment — only-a-mom...! Hey! Where did the afternoon and evening go? Why didn't someone wake me?

Good night---

Mary Penny June 4, 1984 The drum beat of rain
On the air conditioner.
Wandering back again
Through lazy No-Man's LandThe alarm's hoarse voice
Intrudes on dreams.

Sleepy eyed people
Choosing their breakfast.
Sheets of rain enclosing
Desultory conversations.
Suddenly the sun
Brightens faces all around.

Looking down over spinning clay
From the eyrie on high,
Above the tops
Of the trees below.
Gazing down through leaf screen
At the remote activity.
Bright sun makes leaf etchings
Upon the green grass.
Soft clouds swim lazily
Through heaven's blue sea.

Look at the clock!
Go in to dine.
Much laughing and talking
In the long, long line.
Some disgruntled.
Some think it fine.
Trailing along slowly,
One never-ending vine.

Gentle, rippling music
Laves the inert body.

A hesitant knock
Scatters approaching dreams.

Then silent solitude,
Inviting the thought.

Austere pines swaying
Outside the window.

Young green leaves
Joyously tumbling in the breeze.

CHEESE NOTE TO TERRY*

In paperbag smooth and clean

or wrinkled spotted with grease

With or without a rhyming note

Always the same Pimiento Cheese . . .

Peggy K. Parrish 1981

*[I write pimiento cheese poems and stick them in my husband's lunch.]

MY CONFUSED FRIEND

I have a friend:
Who sometimes is swamped
By sadness, in her loneliness,
Though surrounded by many other lonely, kindred
spirits.

She frantically delves
Into varied activities,
Without assimilating comfortably
To herself a few of them.

She can't calmly meet life,
As it comes from day to day,
But must always plan ahead;
Which can be quite irksome.

She delights in analyzing
The inner workings of others,
Though I fear she does not
See herself very clearly.

I talk much with her
Through the days and the nights,
Though sometimes her conversation
Can be quite boring.

We try, with determination,

To reach a satisfying philosophy,

But one frustrated by conflicting

Views, desires, and comprehension.

I must learn to understand her And how to cope with her, For I am stuck with her During the rest of my days.

She is myself.

MARY'S WORDS

Our son where can he be He has been gone for days Tis not like him to stay away like this without a word to let us know that he is still alive He could be stretched out now Stripped, beaten, robbed. Dying, unless we find him soon to bind up all his wounds and bring him home again Oh God take care Please take good care of him.

Oh. you did hear at last? Where did you find the lad? Is he hurt, starved, abused? The Temple, did you say? What was he doing there? Just talking to the priests? We had not said that he could be away from us on a week long retreat Not e'en with holy men Strange brazen air of youth there's no hope for this world indeed there'll never be one tiny ray of hope as long as youth rebels forsaking sacred things that we have taught.

SOME HERITAGE OF WILLIAM MANLEY and MARY JOHN FERGUSON

The beginning of the married life together of Pa and Ma began December 29, 1885. The era ended Saturday, June 17, 1944 at 6:30 P.M., leaving the old homestead vacant.

During their years together they made their living by farming, never accumulating much of this world's goods, but no one went hungry or naked. They were both good managers and very industrious.

Ma was apt with her fingers, making all of the family clothes, knitting woolen hose for all while we were growing up. She knitted gloves and hoods and wove colorful bed coverlets of wool. She pieced quilt tops and quilted, using cotton that was grown on the farm for the inner section between top and lining after it had been batted in flat pieces. She gave each child a number of quilts as they married and left home. From the geese that were picked each Spring she gave each child a feather bed.

Both our parents were experts on re-soling our shoes on the shoe last and sewing up their rips with waxed thread. This was done at night, mostly after our shoes had been taken off for the day.

Vegetables were grown enough to last until next planting time. Cabbage kraut was made and put in small barrels and weighted down so it all would be in the brine. Cucumbers were put in large crocks in salt brine, and when pickle was needed some were put in water to soak for several days. At times they were put in cloth bags and carried to the spring branch and tied to a root for soaking the salt out. They were delicious when finished into pickle. She also had a way for pickling cucumbers by placing them whole in a stone crock and covering them over with homemade molasses. After the process they were both sweet and sour and very brittle.

Beans and peas were gathered; after getting dried and shelled, then dipped in boiling water, then spread out to dry, they were soaked for winter eating. This process kept out bugs.

Corn and wheat were carried to the nearest grist mill to make meal and flour. From the large apple and peach orchard enough apple cider was made to furnish vinegar for the year. Both apples and peaches were cut and dried in the sun to furnish the table with dried fruit pies.

Soap was made with lye drippings from the ash hopper in the yard. Meat skins and any kind of fat not used were put with the lye and a certain amount of water using the cast iron wash pot to boil it in. They needed to be careful and not let it boil too fast so it wouldn't run over. The soap was used for laundry, dishwashing and hand washing.

Preserves and jelly were made from the fruit trees, cherry trees, also from strawberry and blackberry. It was our job, while children, to ramble over the farm and pick them by the gallon—not thinking of being afraid of mean people. The family worked together as a team, and had a lot of fun playing during our leisure time.

The only things brought from the grocery store were sugar, salt, baking powder, etc. Chickens furnished eggs and meat, cows furnished milk and butter. What was not needed was carried to Weldon Andrews' store in Chapel Hill and traded for such. Perhaps a little cash was given. In the Spring of the year young chicken fryers were sold.

Pa had a cane mill for making molasses—each Spring a cane patch was planted. In the fall molasses was made for table use, with hot bread and butter for baking with, and for Molasses Candy which we

all liked. Neighbors brought their cane to make into molasses and would pay for its use by giving a few gallons.

Fatted hogs were butchered in real cold weather which furnished meat for the year. The ham was delicious, sausage was canned for future use. The cracklings from the rendered lard were used in corn bread. Brood sows had pigs that furnished meat each year. Sheep were sheared each spring and the wool sold.

During my young years, perhaps around 1909, I remember Pa, Marvin and Ben Atwater, and Carl Strowd becoming partners in a wheat-thrashing machine, going about during the summer thrashing wheat in different neighborhoods, being gone from home several days and nights at the time. This was an income for them. The wheat was cut in the field with a cradle and tied in bundles and shocked, hauled to the barn and stored in a dry place until the thrashers came along. The wheat was put in garners in the grainery. A tall pole planted in the ground for making straw stacks around. Cows would eat straw from the side of the stacks.

This was the time to take straw ticks off our beds and empty old straw out, wash ticks, then fill with new straw, which made a good sleeping bed with a feather on top of straw.

After the four neighbors quit thrashing wheat they used the motor for a wood cutter by attaching a circular saw, and it was used by the four for cutting long pieces of trees and limbs, which had been hauled to their wood piles into lengths for fire places and for cook-stoves. Each of the men would help with the sewing, with the saw and motor being moved from one home to the other.

Pa was apt in his blackshop (smith) where there were anvil, bellows, and other equipment. The bellows was to blow on fire coals to heat iron rods red hot, then they would be beaten to form any shape. When some of the farm equipment broke he would take it to his blacksmith shop.

Come third week in August a young sheep was killed to have mutton for the revival meeting at Orange Chapel Methodist Church. It began on Sunday with all-day services which continued through Friday with dinner on the ground each day. There was no refrigeration so it was kept in the cellar until all was used up--preparing some for each day. The sheep hide was treated and made into a sheep skin rug.

The family went to church in a two-horsewagon as did other people. In later years buggies and carriages were used.

It was customary for the pastor and the visiting preacher who did the revival preaching to spend the nights in the neighborhood with the church members and they always stayed at our home one night. When breakfast had been prepared and Pa had finished his barn chores, the family all gathered in the living room with the ministers and had devotional and prayer. For the prayer, all would kneel by their chair. Then all would go to the dining area and eat breakfast.

During the winter months Pa was a trapper. On Collins Creek, that his farm joined, he set steel traps on the creek bank and caught muskrat and mink which he skinned, throwing the meat away. Usually the fur would be wet, so he brought the skins in the kitchen and held the fur side to the open fire place to dry before stretching it on boards. While drying it would smell very musky—which we could hardly stand. The skins were then turned outside in with the fur inside and

stretched on boards and hung up in the smokehouse for drying completely. In Spring, after getting several collected, they were packaged and mailed to a firm in St. Louis, Missouri who in turn mailed a check which paid well especially for the mink hides. Then Pa would say, "Don't you think this check smells good?"

Some of these instances happened before my day or recollection, since I was the youngest of the family, but remember from other members of the family telling through the years.

The heritage Pa and Ma left has stayed with me and I hope will continue to live on through generations.

It is wonderful for footprints left on the sands of time to linger on in memory.

Oda Ferguson Isley Strowd February 1984

From TIMES TO REMEMBER

It was through a recent newspaper article which announced that the new Miss America was from Alamogordo, New Mexico that I became interested in this little town out West, Alamogordo, which meant "Land of the Cottonwoods". It seems uncanny how many memories were evoked that were once considered lost.

My father, a physician of Greensboro, North Carolina, but who also was considered a chest expert along with a few other attainments had discovered a spot on my little sister's lung after an attack of measles. Forthwith, he chanced to think of a cousin who lived in the noted health resort just ninety miles from El Paso, Texas. It wasn't long before we were sent out to this same place.

The "we" in all this, consisted of Mother and five of us including the sick sister. The older brother stayed with Father. He may have been in Trinity College at the time. This was in the Spring of 1914 and I was eleven years old, in the sixth grade at school.

When we arrived at "Cousin" Alex's, he had a house picked out for us. Of course, this was all done after much, much planning.

It didn't take long to feel perfectly at home in this delightful little town where so many inhabitants came for health reasons. They came from far and near. The Improvement Company of El Paso, Texas did wonders and made many innovations which added charm to the place. And come they did! A good place to find people who differed from one's self. Incidentally, Alamogordo was the seat of Alamos County and the county court house, etc. gave atmosphere to the place.

There was a pretty park over two miles long that was fenced in and watered from holes in the piped-in fences. This always attracted me, for away back in Greensboro we hadn't seen anything like it! The other things that attracted my attention were the beautiful moonlight nights where one could see almost as if it were day.

Some of the houses were of adobe brick mud and redolent of the soil from which they were made. Most of them were of frame construction with a few innovations, while there were several built of brick. These belonged mostly to the well-to-do early

settlers who had nearby ranches out of town. Of course, this was completely arid country and when the rainy season appeared the soil was barely dampened.

One Sunday night I particularly wanted to attend Church, but was told to stay home with my sister, who was improving steadily in that dry climate. I probably wanted to eye a young boy friend or two and mother must have sensed the fact, for she would approve of no forwardness on my part. She was pretty sharp about things like that.

I decided to dress up in mother's black skirt, put on a large black hat, topped off with the yard square middy blouse tie, also black, over all. At my brother's instigation, I set sail across the school lot for Sheriff Christy Crosby's house to show off my attire. I was at an advantage in this curiously rigged outfit due to the fact that I could see perfectly through the yard-square black tie silk veil while no one could see me.

Although the Crosby's were close friends of ours, nevertheless one didn't push one's luck too far in those hazardous days. Pancho Villa, a notorious Mexican bandit, had just raided Columbus, New Mexico and things had become a little ticklish, to say the least.

It hadn't occurred to me that I might even be considered to be Villa's wife! When Dottie, the Crosby's niece, inquired anxiously as to "Who are you, old woman, and what do you want?" I was hard put to it to give answer and so replied that I was just a poor old Mohammedite woman who needed a crust of bread!" Dottie repeated this to the sheriff, at which point I made a hasty retreat through the yard.

I also made a hasty retreat through the school grounds and landed safely in my own

back yard. I took off my fetching attire and climbed up in an apple tree to rest. While I was comfortably settled the sheriff himself came around with a gun to inquire as to my whereabouts.

When he found out that it was I he certainly failed to tickle my chin and call it funny! The next day neither did my comtemporaries congratulate me for a "fine performance". These were dangerous times according to them and one didn't always take things lightly.

I had learned a hard lesson!

Lois Branson

THE NIGHT WE SPENT WITH THE BOOTLEGGERS

The mountains of West Virginia always mean one thing to me--the night my husband and I spent with the bootleggers.

We had been to the 1932 World's Fair in Chicago and were on our way home. We were camping enthusiasts and had tent, cots and stove with us. We spent the nights in our tent in preference to a motel.

I must have been the one using the map to direct our route, since we got on the wrong road. The road was of gravel, narrow, and with no guard rails. It wound steeply around and around up to the top of the mountain slowly, as the sun dropped rapidly over the mountain.

We knew we were on the wrong road but there was no possible place in which to turn around. As it grew dark we began to look about for a spot with enough flat space for a tent. Finally, around the bend, we spied it, to our relief. Across the road from it was a filling station. We stopped there to see if we might pitch our tent across the way, for the night. They agreed, so we began to unload.

Just then, the black cloud coming over the mountain showed what it was there for, and the bottom dropped out. The tent was swamped. The slick road was impossible. It was quite dark now.

The owner of the filling station told us they had an empty room at the end of their building and kindly offered to let us set up our cots in there and spend the night. We were glad to accept as it was impossible for us to travel the slippery road in the downpour and night had really descended.

Along about midnight the rain ceased. Then the cars began to arrive. They apparently contained more fluid than men. As the night wore on, the crowd increased and the fluids were shared and the spirits in the room next door became quite convivial as well as argumentative. When some reverberations and thuds caused the slight building to shake, we came to realize that the partition between our room and theirs was made of flattened cardboard boxes. It seemed that, at any moment, they might join us. We also realized our doorway to the outside was absent a door we could close.

Everybody but us had a high old time. We lay in bed all night and listened. My husband had always been one to meet and cope with any situation. However, he owned up later that he felt better knowing he had our hatchet beside his bed.

Morning finally arrived. When it became

light enough, every time we looked up, feet would be shuffling by the open doorway and eyes would be peering in at "those strange outlanders."

When my husband went out to get water so we could wash our faces, he immediately got acquainted with all hands. When they found we were from North Carolina, we became, to them, long lost friends. They had left North Carolina, rather hurriedly, a year or two previously. That was during prohibition days.

They proudly told him all about their new operations, hidden back between the hills. Nothing would do but he should go and view their prize domain. I will confess to the fact that I was glad to see him back safe. However, he apparently had had a very interesting and enjoyable visit.

We soon left with friendly good wishes from every one.

I hope none of our new friends landed in jail. They really didn't mean anyone any harm. It was just the only way of life they had ever known.

Mary Auman

When Jesus ate at Martha's house she slaved for days 'til every shining corner spoke welcome to her Lord put everything she had into that meal. Her sister Mary sat and listened as he talked. Rapt. Drinking every word after they ate 'twas Mary that he praised.

Peggy Parrish

FACETS

Smoke Trails
Acrid smoke billows
from fresh, earthy, rain drenched logs
bring memories dear.

Continuity
The welcome phone's ring
that knits the days, each to each,
by supportive friends.

Contrasts
The blackbirds dropped down
like leaves from tree, silhouettes
on crystal white snow.

Quest
Dreams meeting the limits of earth,
combining together to find, each with other,
rhyme, and make of each day a poem.

Magic
Reaching hills are clouds.
Sky's clouds are mountains afar
Substance blends with mists.

Jewels
The soggy limb's bleak night
are dripping jewels, each tiny sun
reflecting its genitor's light.

Loneliness
Empty chair rocking, just outside, the door, rocking, rocking through Winter's wind, rain, and snow.
Empty chair rocking, never to be filled more.

Mary Auman 1984

MY GOAT STORY

My grandparents had eight girls. Oh how happy my grandfather was when he learned that he at last had a son. He had such pride in him, as he and John went fishing and hiked together, and as he taught John the rudiments of the lumber business, and as he rejoiced in his son's scholastic achievements.

John's sisters took pride in showing off their brother. Even though, like all other boys, he sometimes got into mischief and liked to tease his sisters, they loved him.

I have heard from my mother that it was "noised abroad" that John would not amount to a row of pins among all those skirts.

Grandfather thought that anything John wanted John should have if there was any possible way of getting it, money-wise, or other-wise. John wanted a goat, so John got a goat. In the end, however, the goat got everybody's goat, including John's.

Mother's sister, Lola, was to be married. On the day of the wedding, she and her bridesmaids went to a luncheon. Before they left, they laid their dresses out on the bed. The dresses were pink net over taffeta. I am certain from Mother's description of the full sleeves and full bodices they must have been beautiful.

While Aunt Lola and her bridesmaids were gone, that pesky goat climbed up on the roof of the house, found an open window, crawled in, found his way to Aunt Lola's room, and ate every bit of the net off their dresses.

I do not know what the girls said but you may be sure that goat was doomed and was banished from the house in public disgrace, much to the consternation of my Uncle John. In spite of his misbehavior, he still loved him and wanted to keep him.

Each time Mother told the "goat story" she would give a low chuckle, as though it were the funniest story she had ever heard.

You know what I think? Instead of being hungry, that goat was probably thinking of a scheme to change the design of those dresses.

Betsy Stanbury

OVERHEARD

"Here's Sister Carrie. She's come to see you. She's come to make you well."

I heard this scrap of conversation coming from a nearby curtained booth. It was in the most crowded ward of the hospital. I had entered Emergency the night before and had been deposited in the only available spot, until a room became vacant.

"Wake up! Wake up! Sister Carrie's come to see you. She's gonna make you well. You gotta wake up!" They were shaking the poor woman. She was an elderly black woman who had just come back from cancer surgery. Why didn't they let her sleep!

"Wake up! You gotta wake up! Hold my hand," came a different voice. "You gotta hold my hand so my power can flow-w-w through you. Say 'Sister Carrie.' You must say 'Sister Carrie, I know you can make me well.' Say it! Say it! You gotta say it!" I hear the bed protesting their shakes.

"Say it after me, 'Sister Carrie, I feel the power.' Say it! Say it! I can't help you if you don't say it! Take my hand. Say, 'I feel your power-r-r, Sister Carrie.' Say it! Say it!" Shake, shake. And so it went for the next ten minutes.

Why don't they leave the poor exhausted woman alone! She can't stand any more! I can't stand any more! I reached for the call bell. Maybe the nurse could stop the torture.

Just then the two visitors began to sing. They had surprisingly sweet, though untrained, voices. They blended softly in a beautifully simple spiritual. Peace descended. Blessed peace!

Mary Auman

BOUT WITH ARTERIOSCLEROSIS

The Thing the dreadful thing the dreadful killer thing was here again today Monstrous assailant Strangling and stifling til I defenseless crumbled lie desperately groping to find in the darkness some tiny ray to show me where we have met before. Like in recurring nightmares I wrestle, vainly hoping to name my would be killer as if somehow just knowing what it is I am fighting May help me through the battle and perhaps to win the war--

STORY OF AN INDYAN

When my Grandfather, John Bowden, was a young man, he was sent to America by a group of men from southern England to explore the Mississippi Valley with the idea of colonization. Many Englishmen had come over through Canada and settled in that area in the upper part of the Mississippi Valley. They were living peacefully and trading with the Indians.

One of the Englishmen, John Pappan, married a beautiful Indian girl, Julie. To them was born a daughter, Ellen. Besides farming and trading, they ran a ferry across the Mississippi, carrying the immigrants west. When the daughter, Ellen, was grown, she ran the ferry.

As everyone was talking about the West, a young man from New York, by the name of John Curtis, decided to go West. He took a job helping Ellen Pappan run the ferry. In due time they were married and had a son. They named him John Charles Curtis.

Then the government ordered all the Indians to move to Indian Territory, promising each Indian family so much land and so much money to start a new life.

As the Curtis family were moving with their tribe, the tribe contracted a serious illness and were halted for a time, before they could travel on.

Ellen Curtis died when Charles was three years old. John and Julie Pappan wanted their grandchild to be educated as an American citizen so they went down and got John Charles and took him back home with them and put him in school. His parents went on with the tribe to the Indian Territory.

My grandparents had stopped in Estridge, Kansas for a few years, on their way west. My grandmother heard of an Indian family who were practically starving in a little hut. She went down and took care of the woman until she died. The Indian woman was the mother of John Charles Curtis.

John Charles went through Haskell Institute, a school for Indians, and also through Kansas University. He became interested in politics and finally became the only Indian to occupy a high government position. He became the Vice President of the United States.

Murrel Edlin

THE PARADISE TREE

While Jean Lynn prepared breakfast she kept thinking; today I plant the Paradise tree. The thought of it sent shivers of excitement through her. She exacted a promise from John, her husband, to dig the hole when he came home from the office. He laughed at her enthusiasm.

"You're like a kid anticipating Christmas."

"I know. Silly isn't it?"

"It's just an old tree. Why make a production out of planting it?"

'I"ve wanted one for so long, even before Stella told me the legend about it. The name Paradise Tree thrills me."

"And I promised to dig a hole for it. How did I get involved?

"Because you're as thrilled over it as I am."

"0 yeah."

But she wasn't deceived by his manner. She understood him.

After John left Jean dressed for her day. She planned her schedule carefully. She would leave the dry-cleaning on the way to town, stop at the knit shop and pick up another ball of wool (she hoped she could get the same dye lot), at eleven-thirty she had an appointment with Paul for her annual check-up, after that she would stop by Stella's and pick up the Paradise tree, then home.

It seemed so simple, all the parts fitted neatly into place, but it didn't work out that way.

She was on time for her appointment. It was a routine check-up but almost from the first she realized this examination was different. She watched the smile fade from the doctor's face, saw him become more alert, less talkative. She tried to surmise from his orders to the nurse what was being done but soon gave it up and abandoned herself to the pain and fear that enveloped her.

After the examination Mrs. McCullers, the nurse, talked cheerfully of commonplace things as she helped her dress but Jean could not forget the concern on Paul's face.

Certain phrases continued to run through her mind, "take a culture," "examination under a microscope." She had wanted to cry out, "What do you think it is, cancer?" but could not bring herself to say the words.

Paul walked with her to the door and as he opened it said, "Try not to worry, Jean. We won't know anything until I get a report from the lab." This was the physician speaking, the pressure of his hand on her shoulder was Paul, their friend. When she hesitated, reluctant to leave, he dismissed her.

"We'll let you know tomorrow afternoon."

She drove directly home. She hadn't forgotten about the Paradise tree but after her experience at the doctor's office she wasn't sure she wanted to plant it. She hated to admit to herself that she was afraid but she knew she was a coward when she did not carry out her original plan. The thought of the tree and its special significance depressed her.

Now that she was at home, the door carefully shut behind her, Jean sank down on the sofa and abandoned herself to the fear that invaded her mind. It ran along her nerves, making itself felt in the tightness of her throat, the weakness in her knees and the trembling of her hands. She tried to control her thoughts but they ran ahead of her like active children.

The telephone interrupted her thoughts. It was Mary reminding her of their regular bridge game. Ordinarily Jean looked forward to a game with Mary and Dick, but not today. She was tempted to offer some excuse but thought better of it. As she replaced the receiver in its cradle, she trembled. How could she face the night? How could she act as though the world were not coming to an end tomorrow? Even though she dreaded the evening she knew she could face it better with guests than with John alone.

In her sun flooded bed-room she undressed to take a shower. It was a warm day but she didn't deceive herself. She knew that she wanted to feel the water and pretend for a little while that her body was sound. First she let the water run HOT and felt innumerable needle points of heat pelt her skin. How strong it felt, this warm, smooth body of hers. She ran her hands along her thighs, over her hips and up to the curve of her breast.

Could it be that her body harbored within it the means of its own destruction? She had never felt bound to her body for she had been taught from infancy that she was an immortal soul. She did not feel immortal now. Her faith was shaken. Perhaps she had not thought correctly, for to her, as to most healthy people, immortality did not mean a life of eternity hereafter but rather a prolonged life in this world. But what happened if the body could no longer serve as the home of the healthy personality? She knew that personality, soul, call it what you would, did not die, rather if forsook its decaying home and sought a more fitting habitation.

Wishing to banish these morbid thoughts she turned the shower to COLD. The shock made her catch her breath.

Back in her room she looked at her watch—2:03. She held it to her ear to be sure it was running—it was. But surely it was slow. She checked with the electric clock in the kitchen. Its placid face registered 2:03.

Three more hours, one hundred and eighty minutes to be spent before John came home. Each must be filled with physical activity for she could not concentrate on reading and to sit and brood was unthinkable. Discarding her robe she donned shorts and a sweatshirt and soon was at work in the garden. She was unaware of time as she thinned out the zinnia and marigold plants, pulled up weeds and worked around the peonies.

She paused in her work, sat back on her heels and surveyed the garden. How she loved it. She and John had planned and worked over it and each year it became more beautiful. How happy she had been when the fence had been replaced by a high brick wall which was now covered with ivy. The wall fountain had been a birthday gift. For years they had looked for a wrought iron gate and then, on one of their trips to Charleston had bought an antique one. When the gate clicked behind you, you were in an enchanted world.

Small boxwoods outlined the paths that radiated from the pool in the center of the garden. Water lilies, shell-pink, yellow and white floated on its surface and fish darted here and there like bright flashes of liquid gold.

A mockingbird had built a nest in the same tree for years and was now busy feeding her young. As a final tribute to the peace of the garden, a hermit thrush had selected the far, secluded corner for her home. She was a timid little thing but late in the afternoon she would perch on a bough of the flowering almond and sing her haunting, plaintive song in appreciation for her haven. Jean felt that she and the thrush were kindred spirits, for when

the noise and bustle of the city got on her nerves, she sought the sanctuary of the garden.

Today she was keenly aware of the beauty around her. If I should have to leave it, she thought, I would miss it. I want to see the new lilacs bloom, and the narcissus bulbs John ordered from Ireland. I'd never know if they multiplied here or grew homesick and died because they missed their native soil. If I should never see this dear spot again, I'd like to remember it forever just as it looks today. Her eyes filled with tears but she brushed them away and resumed her weeding.

Some time later she was startled when John spoke to her. He took her hand and helped her to her feet, put his arms around her and drew her close.

"I finished my correspondence and it was too late to start anything else. I thought of you, the garden and a long cool drink, so here I am. Aren't you glad to see me?"

"Of course I am."

She raised her face but he did not bend to kiss her, instead he looked deep into her eyes and his arms tightened as he asked, "What's the matter, Jean?"

As she looked into his deep blue eyes, darkened now with concern, and saw the anxiety on his face it was hard to resist his appeal. She longed to let him share this anxiety with her but she held to her determination to keep it from him until she heard from Paul.

She lowered her eyes and answered, "Nothing. Just one of those days."

"What did you do to wear yourself out?"

"I was in town all morning—shopping."

"That usually peps you up."

"When I got home it was so lovely I dashed out here. I suppose I've been working too long."

She glanced up to see if she had convinced him but knew by his look of skepticism that she hadn't.

"All right, don't tell me if that's the way you want it but, young lady, you aren't fooling me."

"I'm not trying. I'm just tired."

There's something on your mind but it isn't a new hat. Well, I'm here and you can tell me when you feel like it."

His tender unhurried kiss relieved her of replying.

He released her, gave her a playful slap on the behind, saying, "You run along and mix the drinks while I dig the hole for the Paradise tree. When I finish I'll need one."

"Never mind the hole. We can do it later."

"Now I know something is wrong."

"Nothing's wrong. I just forgot to pick it up."

"Forgot?"
"Yes."

"But this morning, at the ungodly hour of seven-thirty when my resistance was low, you made me promise to dig the hole for it so you could plant it this afternoon. Now you say 'never mind.' What is it, Jean?"

"Nothing really. Just a woman's whim."

"But you aren't given to whims. I don't understand."

"Don't you know better than to try to understand women?"

He refused to be put off by her banal talk.

"I don't pretend to understand women, heaven forbid, but I do know you. Come clean."

When she made no answer he went about the business of digging the hole while she watched in silence.

Later as they sat on the terrace sipping their drinks, she recaptured some of the feeling of security. John was near her. His love was the frame that held her life together. As long as the frame was unbroken nothing could devastate her. This mood lasted through dinner and while they were dressing for the bridge game.

As usual the game with the Reids was fun. Several times during the evening Jean was surprised to find that she was enjoying herself.

About nine-thirty the door bell rang and John went to answer it. He returned with a plant about eighteen inches high above a burlap encased ball of earth.

"Here's the Paradise tree. Stella said you must have forgotten it this morning. I'll put it out on the terrace."

"Please do."

Jean wished with all her heart that Stella hadn't brought the tree. Now she would have to think of a plausible excuse for not planting it.

Mary asked, "What's so special about a Paradise tree? I never heard of one."

"It's native to India."

"Then how did Stella get it?"

"That's a long story. You don't want to hear it."

"Yes I do," and Mary lay her cards face down on the table.

Jean spoke reluctantly, "Stella promised me one a long time ago. Her great-grandfather was a missionary to India. When he returned he brought several shoots of the tree. The name Paradise tree fascinated me, and I asked her to get me one on her next visit."

"Tell her the legend, Jean," John said.

"They are supposed to bring good luck. They grow slowly, require constant care and take seven years to bloom. The natives believed that if they survived the seven lean years the person who planted it will be happy."

"Has Stella planted one?" asked Dick.

"No. She said if it were to die she would be terrified thinking of all the bad luck headed her way."

"Can't blame her for that."

"According to the legend, the tree will live only if it is planted by someone unafraid, someone with faith and hope in the future."

"Aren't you afraid to plant it?" asked Mary. She continued, "I'd love a weeping willow but wouldn't plant one for anything. It's bad luck, you

know."

Jean considered for a moment. "I'm not sure I will plant it. I don't believe all those superstitions, but it does give you a funny feeling, like walking under a ladder, having a black cat cross your path, or a picture fall. I'm beginning to get cold feet."

"You may have cold feet but I've blistered hands from digging. You bet you're going to plant that tree," John said.

Jean was about to protest, to say that the decision was hers to make but Mary picked up her cards, spread them and bid, "Two spades."

At eleven o'clock, after six rubbers of bridge and many post-mortems, the Reids got up to go. At the door, Mary referred to the Paradise tree just when Jean felt sure the subject would not be renewed.

"Plant your tree and I admire your nerve but," she left the sentence dangling. "Anyway I hope we'll all be here to see it bloom."

Jean and John were quiet as they straightened up the room. While he put the card table and chairs in place, she emptied ash trays and took the glasses back to the kitchen to rinse them. She took much longer that was necessary for she hoped John would forget about the tree. When she could no longer delay, she returned to the living room and began to talk about the game. John listened patiently. Her voice sounded high and unnatural to her own ears and she let the words trail off. The silence lengthened, then John carefully ground out his cigarette and settled back in his chair.

"I'm not trying to pry, Jean, but something is worrying you. I thought so this afternoon, now I'm sure."

"I told you it wasn't really anything."

"I know you did. Right now I'm not so much concerned about WHAT it is as your reaction to it. ALL this because of the Paradise tree?"

"Yes. You've never been a superstitious person. You are one of the most sensible people

I've ever known and when you suddenly get out of character it's disconcerting."

"I'll get over it."

"Maybe as you say, 'it's just one of those things.' But I want to know—are you going to plant the tree?"

"I don't think so."

"Afraid?"

"A little."

"You're keeping something from me. Think it over. If you care to tell me about it I'd like to hear it."

He waited for her to answer but when she kept silent he got up and began to turn out the lights.

In the bedroom when he kissed her good-night he made one last attempt.

"Let me say this, Jean, and I won't mention it again . . . if you don't plant that tree the rest of your life you'll be subject to superstitions and fears."

There was a long silence. Seeing that she wasn't going to answer he said, "Let's go to bed."

Much later she lay awake listening to his rhythmic breathing. The night was still. The moonlight filtered through the leaves of the big oak tree near the house, etching a pattern on the window shade. She watched the pattern sway with each breeze. How quiet it was. She could hear her heart beating and it gave her an uncanny feeling.

She thought: I can't lie here all night worrying. I must decide what my attitude is going to be. No matter what I learn tomorrow, tonight is the time of decision."

She no longer tried to keep her thoughts in check.

You went along for years. Your life was pleasant with no real worries and you were lured into a feeling of security. You came to believe that you had a charmed life, then when you were least prepared, trouble struck suddenly and you realized how vulnerable you were.

Now the future with all its fears confronted

her. Tomorrow she would know, tonight she could only surmise.

Where should she start? Pre-suppose the worst then anything short of the worst would be a welcome surprise.

Suppose she did have cancer. Even in her thoughts, she shied away from the word. Other women had had to face it. She marveled at the courage that kept one of her friends fighting when all hope, even hope itself had been abandoned by everyone else. I haven't the courage for that, she thought.

And there should be a dignity about death, not a gradual wearing away of the body, with the subtle changes in the personality, the loss of energy, the melting away of the gentle curves until only a trace of the original remained. To be alive and yet have the seal of death upon you.

And there were John and their son to be considered. She envisaged John, a man in his prime, constantly adjusting his manner of life to meet in some degree her inability to fulfill her duties as wife and mother. Her son would not feel it so keenly. He was happy in his work at the University and on his infrequent week—end visits, she would deaden her pain with ever increasing doses of morphine and endeavor to keep life normal. Toward the end he would notice the change in her and in concern, ask his father if they hadn't better do something about it, but by mutual, unspoken agreement they would keep the truth from him as long as possible.

And when life held no pleasure and the very act of living was agony, death would come as a blessed release.

But the picture was not always so ominous. Now there were new methods of treatment and doctors spoke confidently of cures. This thought was reassuring. She felt some of the tension ease from her body and was able to relax, but only for a moment before the demons of doubt rushed at her again.

Suppose there isn't a complete cure. To live

on feeling well and strong not knowing when cancer would again rear its ugly head. To hope that the cure was complete, to have every reason for such hope, and when your doubts and fears had finally been overcome, to know again the agony of having your fears rekindled. This second assault would be more unbearable than the first for now you would be denied even the comfort of hope.

But what was hope? She pondered over this before putting her thoughts into unspoken words. It was the determination to keep on in the face of overwhelming odds, yet it was more that that. It was the courage to live life to the best of your ability even though the hand fate had dealt you was a poor one. She smiled at the simile but carried it a step further.

If I were asked to play cards tomorrow I'd accept. I'd go with no assurance that my hands would be good. Should they prove exceptionally poor, I would not quit and disrupt the game. I'd play my hands to the best of my ability and there would always be the chance that, if I played a poor hand well, I might get the breaks and come out better than I thought.

Now it seemed so clear to her. She wondered why she had allowed herself to get to the point where was afraid to try.

Suddenly she knew what she must do.

Throwing back the covers, she slipped her feet into her slippers and quickly drew on her housecoat. Halfway to the door John's voice stopped her.

"Where are you going, Jean?"

She turned and answered him across the darkness.

"I'm going to plant the Paradise tree."

She waited for him to speak. If he laughed at her she could not bear it, if he asked her to wait until morning she would be disappointed in him. He did neither.

"I'll come with you," and even as he spoke he was donning slippers and robe.

When they reached the terrace they stopped for

a moment to gaze at the garden. The moon hung low in the west and cast long, black shadows over some areas and flooded others with a pale, eerie light.

Jean picked up the Paradise tree and carried it to the hole prepared for it while John brought a spade and a bucket of water. He did not offer to plant the tree for he knew that the act of planting it held a special significance to her.

Her hands trembled as she set the ball of earth in the hole and turned it carefully until it seemed to settle comfortably into place. Painstakingly she spaded some soil around it and motioned John to pour in the water. When this was done she filled the hole with dirt and tamped it with the back of the spade. When she was satisfied with the planting she stood up straight and tall!

The moonlight shone on her face where courage and determination had wiped away all trace of fear.

Suddenly she turned and looked at John across the little tree.

"O John, I planted it," and in a voice of exultation, added in the same breath as though it were a natural consequence of the first statement, "I'll never be afraid again!"

Frances Harvey

NATIVITY

"You know there is no shelter from the storm, no covering--"

"The sky will cover me."
"No bread to satisfy--"

"The bloom, the globed fruit of the apple tree."

"No human friend to answer when the darkness finds the marrow--"

"A friend I would be."

"You shall not walk by sunlight--"

"I will know the glister of the plum, the cherry tree."

"You will be born blind--"

"I sense a radiance in the east."

"In orphanage."

"All orphanage implies a sire."

"You will be born still?"

A bugle note of silence:
Then a wrench of light, an amputation, and a cry.

Mary Penney

She mouths
not pious sounds
but when I fell
she made her bed
beside my own
and tried in vain
to hide her anguished tears
while angels flew
their distant course o'erhead.

NIGHT AT THE BEACH

The quiet, obscure dark of the deserted sands.
Only the whisper of waves lapping the beach.
An enormous moon just cresting the waves,
Casting flashing diamonds to us from each.
A myriad of silver fish restlessly darting
In and out, ever searching evasive food
Along the jeweled pathway up to the moon.
All around muted sound—unspoiled solitude.

Mary Auman
1983

THE LOST AND FOUND -- YELLOW GOLD

Thinking color, my thoughts stopped at gold, then went on to a lost college ring. I was graduated from Woman's College, now UNC-G, in 1922. Five of the seven children in my family attended college, but I was the only one to have a class ring. I bought it with money given to me at graduation. I taught school for a few years and wore the ring with pride. It was my most cherished possession and quite a conversation piece. I would explain the "22" on one side and the "AB" on the other, the name of the college on top, and the inscription, "Lucy Hunter," on the inside.

I was married in 1925. A diamond ring and a wedding band took precedent over the college ring that then spent most of the time in the dresser drawer. My teenage sister, Polly, who had aspirations to attend Woman's College at some future time, loved the ring, and, knowing that it would be in good hands, I asked her if she would like to wear it. She would and did. I promptly forgot all about the ring. Out of sight, out of mind.

The first five years of my married life were spent in Raleigh, NC, and the next five were spent in LaCrosse, Virginia. My time was taken up with the usual tasks of homemaking and caring for three children. Imagine the shock and thrill I had when one day that college ring came in the mail. It had caught up with me after ten years! The ring had been sent to my parents and they had sent it on to me. The only information that came with the ring was that it was found by workers digging the foundation for a new building at Louisburg College.

Polly was in school at Louisburg College in 1928 when disastrous fires destroyed the Old Academy Building and gutted the main floors and west wing of the Administration Building. Space in these buildings was devoted to dormitory rooms. Polly lost everything in the fire. She returned home and entered college in Greensboro the following fall.

But what still amazes me is that the ring, which obviously remained exposed to the elements for at least seven years, was in excellent condition. Well, it no longer fitted my finger, so back in the dresser drawer it went for 40 more years.

A few years ago my granddaughter, Joy Johnson, was graduating from North Carolina State University. Searching around for a suitable gift and one with some sentimental value, I came up with the thought of my class ring. I consulted with the local jeweler; he suggested leaving the ring intact except for changing the foundation green onyx stone to a State College red one. I had this done and gave it to Joy for keeps. She adores it and wears it constantly. She wore it on her wedding day as something old—60 years old.

SAVED BY A FOX

In the days when fox hunts were popular, my Daddy would keep the fox dogs and the fox until the men were ready for the chase.

The fox was taken to the woods or forest with acres of trees, and turned loose, hours before men all dressed in dark suits, wearing hats or caps and riding beautiful, prancing horses, were ready for the chase. Given the signal, the men, using the spur on their heels, would punch the horse in the side and the chase would start.

On this special hunt the fox was caught by the dogs and killed after hours of chasing. The fox was given to my Daddy. He had a neck piece made out of the fur and gave it to my mother. She couldn't use it because it gave her asthma so she gave it to me.

Several years later when I was teaching school, I got all dressed up for a date on Easter Sunday. I put the old fur piece on for it was cold and we were going on a little trip with another couple.

We were returning home and had crossed a long bridge over a wide river when a car came out of a side road and ran into our car. My friend and I were on the backseat. I was thrown through the side window. My head hit a tree, and my clothes and one shoe were torn off by the glass. No one else was badly hurt. The car that hit us did not stop.

A passing car stopped and the men helped me up. They took me to a hospital several miles back, that we had just passed.

I did not know anything about it because I was unconscious for hours. They sewed up the torn places on my back and the cut on my head. As I moved and opened my eyes there were two doctors beside my bed. One doctor said, "Daughter, you are going to be fine. We have your ring (it was my engagement ring) and your clothes." The other doctor said he had

sewed the cuts so no scars would keep me from wearing a low-backed evening gown and the cut muscle on my arm would soon heal with no trouble in using it.

The other doctor said, "Daughter, do you know what saved your life? That fur piece. Had you not had that on, your neck would have been badly cut."

I thanked the good Lord and I thanked my Daddy for having the fox chase, and for the fox fur.

Mae Brothers

OUR THANKSGIVING TURKEY

As Thanksgiving Day draws near I find myself recalling Thanksgivings of the past—they were days of family gatherings, much happiness and good food—always turkey, which I loved to cook. How much pride I felt when the large bird was taken from the oven—beautiful brown and oozing with juices!

We always had a fresh turkey but the Thanksgiving that stands out in my mind was the one when we had a wild turkey—and my husband had killed it. He admits that he was not a very good marksman but this particular morning, very early, he went to our cabin in the country alone to hunt turkeys. He went a short distance from the cabin, hid behind a tree and waited—it was a beautiful morning, the sun coming up, the trees glistening with dew and the sound of the creek running nearby. He felt so grateful for these and all his many blessings, he bowed his head for a word of prayer and thanks. Lo and behold, when he raised his head he heard the "gobble gobble" of a turkey nearby and then there it was! He aimed and shot it in the head—he was so

surprised and happy and rushed home to show the family. I have never seen a wild turkey before, the native wild turkey which is found in all 48 states and Hawaii and is a member of the pheasant family and also related to the barnyard turkey. The wild turkey is more slender, long-legged, and long-necked than the domestic turkey—its plumage is darker, its head has a bluish cast where the domestic is red. It can walk, fly and swim. It was truly a beautiful bird and my husband was so thrilled—he dressed it and I cooked it as I always did the domestic turkey and the family all agreed it was delicious and such a rarity.

The neighbors teased my husband and said he sat on the porch and killed a turkey—that was not true but it was a short distance from the porch. Anyway, he has the distinction of having killed a wild turkey for his Thanksgiving dinner—one that all hunters can't boast.

Lizette Dunham

WE GO OUT AND PREACH

"And He (Jesus) called to Him the twelve, and began to send them out two by two, and gave them authority over the unclean spirits. He charged them to take nothing for their journey except a staff

(R.S.V.)

Thaddaeus and I, James, the son of Alphaeus, were paired together for the journey. Why, I do not know, for we are both of a quiet type and find it hard to speak to strangers. Toward evening of our first day out, we were quite a way from the next village, when we caught up with a shepherd with his

flock making their way to the sheepcote for the night. Shepherds lead a lonely life with only the sheep for company the most of the time. He greeted us with delight, eager to hear any news we might be able to give him. He asked where we were going and we told him wherever God led us, for Jesus, who we believed to be a special Son of God, had sent us out to preach repentance and the coming of the Kingdom. He asked us to stay with him. There would be several other shepherds also at the fold for the night. Amos's son would bring food for the evening meal which they would be glad to share with us. And so we stayed.

One of the other shepherds found, as he inspected the sheep as they passed through the door of the fold, that one old ram had a bad cut on his leg. He was singled out and held until the rest of the flock was inside, then the shepherd cleansed the wound. Thaddaeus and I helped him hold the sheep, for the cut was deep and I am sure hurt as the shepherd washed out the dirt. The ram became quiet as we held it and as he worked there was a prayer in my heart that God would quickly heal the wound for the shepherd was worried for fear the old sheep would not be able to walk to the far pasture the next day and the whole flock would have to stay close to the fold where the grazing was sparse. How amazed he was the next morning to find the wound completely healed.

After the sheep had all been cared for, we all ate of the supper Amos's son had brought. Then Thaddaeus and I began to tell them about Jesus and the wonderful works He did. Neither Thaddaeus nor I have a natural gift of words, but that night Thaddaeus was truly inspired.

As he finished, one of the shepherds turned to one of the other men, and said, "John, I'm sorry for the way I treated you yesterday. It was the meanness in me that caused me to rail at you. It was nothing that was your fault. Sometimes I get so fed up with this life. How I would like to travel to far places! Why, I haven't even been to

Jerusalem since I took this job, for there is no one else to leave with the sheep. But these strangers have made me see that when God judges me faithful in this work, He will provide other work for me."

The next morning one of the men came to me and asked that we go see his father in the next village. He had fallen a week ago and broken his leg. He was so blue and despondent. He knew it would be weeks before he could take his place tending sheep. Jethro was glad to help by combining his father's flock with his own, though it did make too many for one man to handle well.

"Perhaps," said Jethro, "if you will stop and talk with him it will cheer him up. Just ask for Caleb's place when you reach the village. Tell Mother I sent you and she will be glad to see you. Tell Father I am getting along all right with the sheep. The other boys help me as much as they can. All of us here are so glad you spent the night with us. You gave us much to think about last night."

After breakfast, Thaddaeus and I watched as each shepherd called his own flock and set out for the hills where the pasture was better. Both Thaddaeus and I seemed loath to start. I think maybe we both were having the same thoughts. Finally Thaddaeus said, "How eager the men were to learn about Jesus and His teachings. It didn't seem hard to talk with them."

"Indeed, Thaddaeus, for all I knew all that you told them, still it gave me a thrill to listen to you. Jesus told us God would give us the words to say if we but trusted Him."

And we sat silent again, each busy with his own thoughts.

"James, did you pray God to quickly heal the old ram last night as we held him? I know I did. Did you notice this morning one could scarcely tell where the cut had been? I, for one, want to thank Him for answering our prayers."

And so we spent a part of the morning in praying. This we have learned from Jesus. If we want to have power in our lives, we must spend much

time in prayer.

When at last we reached the village, we had no trouble in finding Caleb's house. The mother gave us a gracious welcome when she found Jethro had sent us. We found the old gentleman in bed with his leg in a rough splint. He was a bit grouchy at first, but when we told him all was well with his flock and that we thought Jethro was fully capable of handling all the sheep, he brightened up and asked where we were from and where we were going. We told him we were disciples of Jesus and that He had sent us out to preach repentance for the Kingdom of God was at hand. Caleb was well versed in the Scriptures and asked us many questions. God certainly spoke through us, for I found myself giving answers I didn't realize I knew.

The day went by rapidly. Late in the afternoon Thaddaeus said, "Caleb, I believe Jesus is the Messiah. He has wonderful powers no one could have if God were not with Him. When He sent us out He told us He was giving us the power to heal the sick. Now, James and I have never tried to heal a person. Last night an injured sheep was healed and we believe it was because we laid our hands on him and prayed. We would like to heal your broken leg. We believe we can by using this power Jesus has given us. With your permission, we would like to place our hands over the break and pray."

Caleb looked at us intently. "I believe you can. Remove the splints."

Quickly Thaddaeus and I removed them and running our hands over the broken leg we could feel the break in the shinbone. Thaddaeus and I prayed silently a few moments, then Thaddaeus said, "God in Heaven, Jesus, Thy Son, has promised us that you will hear our prayers. In His name, we pray you will heal our brother Caleb. Thank you for hearing us and healing him."

As we stood there with our hands on his leg, we could feel movement under the flesh and suddenly the shinbone was smooth and we could feel the break no more. There was a tingling all through my body and

on Thaddaeus's face I could see a radiance that never was there before.

Caleb must have felt something, too, for suddenly he lifted his voice in song. "Praise and thanksgiving unto God, for He has heard our prayers. Blessed be our God, for through Him these men have done a wondrous thing." And with that he jumped to his feet and ran nimbly about the room.

It didn't take long for the news to fly through the village that Caleb's leg had been healed and soon almost the entire village was at Caleb's door. There was much laughing and talking until Caleb held up his hand for silence.

"Neighbors and friends, God has done a wonderful thing for me through these servants of His, Thaddaeus and James. But more than healing my body, they have brought me much food for thought. They have reminded me that I have not always done things as I knew God would want me to do them. They have told me of a wonderful person, named Jesus, who is bidding us all repent and turn to God. I want you all to hear their message. Go home now and have your suppers. Then come back and Thaddaeus and James will talk to you."

So they all scattered to their homes. Caleb seemed to understand our needs and he suggested we retire to his guest room to rest a bit, while his good wife and daughters prepared the evening meal. Thaddaeus and I were glad to have some time alone. It had been an unusual day for us. It is one thing to watch Jesus answer questions, preach and heal the sick, and entirely different when you find people looking to you for the answers. No wonder Jesus insisted He needed much time alone with God to renew Himself. There would be much more for us to do before bedtime. We were glad for a little rest for our bodies, but more than that we felt the need of communing with God, to thank Him for all the good He had done through us that day, and to humbly ask His continuing help through the evening.

We had not quite finished our meal when the people began to return. It was a beautiful moonlit

evening and Thaddaeus and I preached and told the stories we had heard from Jesus until the moon was high over our heads. They were so anxious to hear all we could tell them. At length, promising them we would stay with them the next day, we sent them to their homes.

Next morning early, they were back. I am sure very little work was done in the village that day for all that could came to listen to us. We talked and answered questions until the heat of the day forced us to send them home. Some of them begged us to go with them to their homes to bless and talk with an aged parent or grandparent who was unable to walk as far as Caleb's home. This we did and had the joy of seeing fresh strength flow into their feeble bodies.

Later in the day, we were again in Caleb's yard, when Ezra, a fine big strapping man, asked us, "Did you know John the Baptizer?"

Yes, Thaddaeus had heard him preach, I had not. Then Ezra said, "John, too, preached repentance and he baptized with water as a sign that God had washed away sin. What is to hinder you from baptizing me? I have done many things for which I need God's forgiveness. Let us go down to the brook and be washed clean."

The entire crowd made their way to the brook that ran through the village and there we did baptize not only Ezra, but many more. As Caleb came up out of the water, he broke into song,

> "I will bless the Lord at all times; His praise shall continually be in my mouth, My soul makes its boast in the Lord; Let the afflicted hear and be glad. O magnify the Lord with me, And let us exalt His name together."

And soon the whole assembly was singing.

As we walked back to Caleb's, one of the villagers fell in step with me. "This has been a wonderful day for me and for all of our village. Many of my family live in the next village. I wish you would go there and tell them all that you have told us. Ask for my cousin Benjamin when you get to Kartan."

The next morning we bade Caleb and his family farewell. Caleb placed his hands on our heads and blessed us. "Come back again and visit us. We will never forget you. You will always find friends here. Bring Jesus and the rest of the disciples with you. It would mean much to us to know Jesus personally. We will always thank God for your visit."

Our stay in Kartan was much the same as it had been in the first village, we preached and healed some who were sick. Perhaps it had become easier for us in this second village, we became careless and spent less time in prayer and listening for guidance than we did at first, justifying ourselves by saying there was so much to do, there wasn't time for prayer. When we went on to the third village we met opposition. The village rabbi forbade us to preach and no home invited us to stay with them. tried to heal a blind begger but had no success. That night we spent under the stars without supper. We were hungry and tired and discouraged. There seemed to be no suitable place where we might camp for the night, so we trudged on, each going over in his mind the failures of the day. Suddenly Thaddaeus stopped and, placing his hand on my arm, said, "How blind we have been! It wasn't you and I that healed Caleb and the ram, or preached or called the people to repent, but God working through us. We were His voice and healing hands. As long as we yielded ourselves completely to Him, His power flowed through us. When we began to take the credit to ourselves, we began to fail. O Lord God, forgive us. How could I summon other people to repentance when it is I, myself, who needs to repent." And

Thaddaeus threw himself on the ground and wept.

Thaddaeus was right. I could see it all now and I knelt and begged for mercy and forgiveness. Suddenly the moon, which had been covered by clouds, shone brightly and I, looking up, felt it was the sign of God's forgiveness. I felt peace steal into my heart.

Looking to my right, now the moon brought light to the countryside, I noticed some trees and bushes growing up around some rocks and in the stillness of the night, I could hear the tinkle of dripping water. A spring! How good that cool water tasted, and how good it felt on our face and hands. We even found a shallow cave with a clean, sand floor and there we spent the rest of the night. Now we remembered the other ten disciples. We had been so concerned with ourselves, we had forgotten them. We prayed that they would not make the same mistakes we had made. And Jesus, our Master, where was He? Perhaps He had gone to Nazareth to see His mother and brothers and sisters, while we, His disciples carried on for Him. How ashamed we were that we had failed Him. But we knew He would understand, would forgive us and would rejoice in the good we had done. We thanked God for His forgiveness and promised to listen for His guidance on the morrow. At last we fell asleep.

In the morning we remembered to turn our thoughts to God the very first thing. Looking about us in the early morning light, we found bushes loaded with sweet berries and on these we made our breakfast. As we ate, I remembered that tonight would begin the Sabbath. We would have to hurry today if we were to be back in Capernaum by sundown. How fast the week had gone! We walked swiftly, stopping to talk but once. About noon we met a leper sitting by the side of the road. He was a young man and was careful to call out, "Unclean, unclean," as we approached him. Thaddaeus and I had the same thought. We would heal him. As we came closer to him, I spoke, "Young man, our friend, Teacher and Master, Jesus, who is God's own special

Son, has sent us out to preach repentance and to heal the sick. This we can not do in our own strength but God will work through us. I know you would like to be clean, again. Let us all kneel here and pray."

Thaddaeus and I put our arms across the young man's shoulders and prayed both aloud and silently. The young man began to sob quietly and then he, too, began to pray, confessing to past sins and asking forgiveness. How long we knelt there I do not know, but at last his sobbing ceased. A cry of joy burst from his lips, "Look! My hands!" And not only his hands but the flesh of his whole body was firm and smooth. Of course the young man was happy and his thanks bubbled over, thanks to God, thanks to us who had been used by God. Thaddaeus and I were also very happy. God had forgiven and forgotten our mistakes of yesterday. He was willing to use us to bring healing and happiness to this young man.

"Come", said he, "let us go to my mother's home and tell her the good news. Then I want to go to the synagogue in Capernaum and show myself to the priests. O what a happy day this is!"

We reached Capernaum an hour before sunset and found Jesus at the home of Peter. We introduced our new friend, Nathan, to Jesus and sent him on his way to the synagogue, telling him we would wait here for him. We had already asked him to spend the Sabbath with us.

We found that we were the last of the disciples to return. How our words tumbled over each other, so anxious were we to tell all that had happened. As our words finally began to slow down, Jesus reached over and placed His hands on ours. "I do believe my two quiet ones have lost their shyness. God is indeed good. I thank Him for all the good He has been able to do through you. Without Him we all would be helpless, with Him we can do all things."

Spiney, hard cactus, in the desert,
Forcing life from the dry hot sand.
Your angular growth has sharp edges,
As you follow your own unique plan.
You weather beating heat from the sun,
Storing your own moisture within.
You thrive where none else could survive,
Giving comfort to the famished wayfarer.
Facing your harsh life staunchly,
You merit admiration and respect.

Mary Auman 1983

TO MY WIFE

Some day when I am laid beneath The silent, verdant sod, And my immortal spirit Shall go to seek its God. Perhaps I'll take the Milky Way That leads to outer spheres, And travel at the speed of light A hundred million years. I, even then, may still go on Until I've gone so far That I shall be more distant, dear, Than earth's most distant star. And yet, I think I still shall see Far, far in outer space Upon that vast horizon Some image of your face. For there is naught in life nor death, Whate'er these forces do. That can take me quite beyond My memory of you.

Dr. J. V. Turner

SEA TAG

He came to me
by the restless sea.
We watched the breakers
crest and fall.
We heard the song
of the sea.
It is called to us,
"Come, play with me."

Off came our shoes,
off came our socks.
We played tag
with the sea
And chased the waves back
'til the next one broke.
Then we raced for the shore
before it tagged us.

We forgot today's cares,
we were children again.
We laughed and we danced
and sang with the sea,
Until we were tired,
but the sea rolled on.

Now my love is gone.

I live far from the sea.

Only in memory

do I hear the sea's song,

The song of the restless sea.

Naomi Mosier

THE MIDNIGHT BEACH

Walking along the remote oceanside
In the quiet, breathless midnight.
From far away wafts to us, jangling music
And abandoned, raucous laughter.
The man-made lights, from the faraway shore,
Decorate the distant waves
With sparkling blue, green, and red
Glittering ropes of tinsel.
While the eternal moon looks down on high
From her solitary silvered splendor.
Man and Nature--

Mary Auman 1983

MELISSA

Twelve months she held at bay the agony Of growth within her mother's vitals. Then She took her father's hand through all the years He stumbled, sighed, and halted, wept, and died.

When emphysema seized her husband's breath, She ministered his daily oxygen—
And sun—and cheered his morning pilgrimage From door to curb and then back home again. At length, when, quiet-handed, she had made The last brown blanket smooth and left a flower,
She lifted idle hands and stared at them.

A PILGRIMAGE

Too often hit and near destroyed by forces joined for good I wandered in the wilderness gleaning what truth I could. Sometime I saw a ray of light and jumped upon its beam wholeheartedly til later rays showed 'twas not what it seemed.

With caution then I hovered back in dark despair and gloom sheltered (I did not know it then) in Satan's narrow room.

Sickened by pungent fumes of death From steaming elixer fake Again I fled, seeking a land Where good I'd ne'r forsake.

'Til high upon a hill one day
a voice rang true and clear
"They know not what they do; forgive."
Enchanted, I drew near
Forces for good had nailed Him there-Lord of earth and heaven above!
I'm not compelled to know the way
But I am compelled to love.

Peggy Parrish

A DREAM

One night, at one o'clock in the morning, I suddenly wakened and sat up in bed and called to my husband. I said, "Charlie, Frank is in deep trouble!" He said, "Oh, you have been dreaming. Lie down and go to sleep." I insisted that our son was in trouble. He said I had been dreaming and to go back to sleep.

Two weeks later, our son visited us in our home in Kansas. He was a science engineer for DuPont. I asked where he was two weeks ago and what he was doing at three o'clock in the morning. He replied that he was at Daytona Beach, Florida. He had built four solar energy stills there for DuPont. At three o'clock in the morning, a hurricane had come up the coast and carried three of his stills out to sea. He was hanging on to the fourth still in hopes of saving it.

Murrel Edlin

LOOKING AT SECOND PLACE

First place shines like Diamonds and is Worm for everyone To see. Second place is gold Which makes rings The diamonds to hold. Now if in first place We do not win -Then in other places We can begin. When at first we are At the top Our climbing dreams Sometimes stop. Yet in second place We travel on -Our works will give Place for others' dawn. So win or lose. Our work for us is left to choose.

Mae Brothers

DAWN

In the east a feeble light
Challenges the dark of night;
A faintly showing haze that glows
Yet in glowing grows and grows,
Spreading ever, reaching high,
Tinting cloud-banks in the sky,
Clouds that later seem to blaze
High above a purple haze
That changes to a brilliant hue
With the sunlight bursting through
As the crimson ball of fire
Sends its streamers higher, higher,
Heralding in bright array
The glorious monarch of the day.

Dr. J. V. Turner

A DREAM

I am not one who dreams very often. Only a few times in my life have I dreamed a dream which I remember.

Shortly after the death of my husband, I naturally felt very sad and lonely. One night I dreamed I was sitting on some steps, missing him so much. All at once, I looked up and there he stood beside me. I said, "What are you doing here?" He replied, "I came to get you."

As dreams often do, it changed abruptly. The next thing I knew I was walking up and down the street, as he had suddenly disappeared. I walked until I was almost exhausted. I walked up one street and down the other.

Suddenly, a policeman noticed me and asked me if I were looking for something. I said, "Yes, my husband came for me and I can't find him." The policeman said, "Well, the thing to do is to look in the Yellow Pages."

Murrel Edlin

TOPSY

My name is Topsy. I am a small black and white fox terrier dog. When I was six weeks old I came to live with a family of five-the father, mother, a grown-up sister, and two brothers. They were good to me and I always felt I was a person, not a dog, because I shared everything with them--vacations, trips to the cabin, food and their love.

I was named Topsy because I was so little and fat and almost toppled in my bowl of milk.

My mistress said I was a good doggie and very obedient. When she said, "No," I knew she meant, 'no,' but I could always get around the man of the house. I would look up at him with my big brown eyes and he knew I was saying, "Please," and it worked and I got what I wanted.

I was always happy when Saturday came, and somehow I knew. I was not allowed to go upstairs, ever, but when Saturday came I forgot all rules and good manners and would go up to wake the boys as we always went to the cabin for the day or week-end. We all loved the cabin. I went with the boys and my master: hiking, chasing rabbits, but most of all swimming in the creek. I was a good swimmer, but I was always afraid something would happen to the boys, so I swam in circles around them to protect them.

Another happy time for us was a visit to our grandparents in a distant town. I always slept all the way until we were a few blocks from the house. Then I would waken and whimper till we arrived. I loved our grandmother. She spoiled me as she did the grandchildren. One of my favorite games was playing ball with the family and especially with guests. I would put the ball in their laps and sit on my hind legs and plead until they would throw it for me. I was probably a nuisance, but I thought the company came to see me, too, and I had to entertain them.

I was well known in the neighborhood and was loved by many, but I am sorry to say some thought I was a pest. As I grew older, I began to have spasms and would become very ill. My mistress learned to put me in a tub of warm water with some mustard and then wrap me in blankets. I recovered quickly and I appreciated my mistress' help. I would look

up at her lovingly to say "Thank you, I love you." I hope she got my message.

Time passes, the children grew up and went to college and I, like my master and mistress, grew older, but we were happy and still loved each other, and looked forward to the times when the children would come home and we would be a family once again.

Lizette Dunham

DAY'S END

The bright day is spent,

The busy day with happiness filled.

The sunshiny hours

Have dropped away, one by one.

Footsteps of the young

Hurry by in the faraway distance.

Here, all is calmly quiet.

But stars gleam through the darkness.

And even more stars

Can be found farther out in the void, More stars and more stars,

By those with deepened discernment.
One glimpses kindred silhouettes
Who are also watching the night

through.

We all listen together

To the rhythmic music of the Universe.

And at night there are dreams--

Mary Auman 1984

FANTASY

The assignment: To write something about a picture. A very insignificant picture, one grown old and dim with age. This is to say the least challenging to the imagination, whether the writer be a beginner in a creative writing class, the ordinary reader who loves story and drama, or the teacher who is eager to suggest new subject matter.

The picture is passed around. Each of us takes a quick "look see," and the class begins. We wonder. Nothing comes to my mind. The class goes on. We can take another look at the end of the class. I didn't.

The picture! What the eye first sees is a woman against a background of a most uninteresting outdoor scene. She clutches a small bouquet of flowers, perhaps rosebuds. The background and the flowers suggest an interest in growing things and a love of flowers. Though she is alone, a feeling of loneliness is not evident. The flowers might be the last of summer and the background the approaching winter. Time is insignificant.

A day has gone by. I sit down determined to put on paper something to take to class. By this time, I can recall only the dimmest outline of the picture, so my imagination takes over, and what I see flows out of the typewriter keys and hopefully the class can follow it.

This woman, fairest of the fair, is elevated to ethereal beauty and lofty dignity. A great sculptor might strike a beautiful figure out of a piece of glistening white marble. She could be a model for an artist to paint in an outdoor background of rolling hills and undergrowth of grass and greenery. A poet would be inspired to express in words

what the artist had done with color on canvas. A writer, weaving romance into a story, finds a plot for a Harlequin romance. A traveler in a faraway country might see only a peasant girl. A husband would see his bride on their wedding day. A small daughter would say, "That's my Mommie."

My imagination clicks off. No more time. The end.

Lucy Graham

FEAR -- Snakes!! Snakes!! The Bane of my Existence

Snakes, yes, long, slick, slimy reptiles--Which skip, roll, and slide . . . You'll find them under boards, in grass or in any place to hide. They may be in trees or under logs--

They may be in trees or under logs— Where they are sometimes chased by dogs. It makes no difference of their whereabout— If you see one you'll be sure to tremble, scream,

or shout.

They may be long, short, black, brown, or green

As sometimes seen in shows, pictures, in magazines

or on the screen.

The fear you have of this living, crawling object

will last you for evermore and evermore!

Mae Brothers

ALONE?

Like a lone tree on the forest path,
I stand alone in the immediate Now.
Like fallen leaves at the tree's roots
Are the memories of friends and loved ones,
long gone.

A forest consists of many trees, some young, some old.

My world is filled with many people, some I know, many I do not.

Near me are my closest friends
Giving me companionship and love.

Dimly seen through the distant mist
Are the shadowy forms of other trees.

I know in my misty future there are

New friends I must welcome and
learn to love.

And so, though I stand by myself God never leaves me desolate. He himself greets me in the love of friends, God is Love.



This sketch is a suggestion of the photograph that gave me the idea for the poem. In the foreground are fallen leaves (our deeds of yesterday). Mist fills the background, making it almost invisible.

GOD'S CREATION AND ITS BEAUTIES

The first book in the Bible tells us about the beginning of time which is found in Genesis 1:1-31.

God made the earth, water, vegetation, fish of the sea, fowl of the air, sun, moon, stars, and He created man in His own image to have dominion over every living creature that moveth upon the earth. And He saw that it was good.

God did all this in six days and rested on the seventh day.

Each day, hour, seed planted in the ground, and each birth have a new beginning. We find beauty in all beginnings if we observe.

All things bright and beautiful All things great and small All things wise and wonderful The Lord God made them all Each little flower that opens Each little bird that sings He made their glowing colors He made their tiny wings He gave us eyes to see them And lips that we might tell How good is our father Who doeth all things well

Let us think of other beauties, yes, the rainbow. This is the token of the covenent God made with Noah when he came forth from the Ark, that waters should no more be a flood to destroy all flesh. It is also a symbol of God's faithfulness and mercy—all the more true as a symbol because it reflected from the storm itself. This is a beautiful thing to look at with all its colorful scenes: the creation of God.

Then the four revolving seasons—Spring, Summer, Fall, and Winter. Each has its beautiful works of nature.

Sometimes we need to observe twice to see the beauty in people. A story is told of a hand painted picture that had been discarded and very badly soiled. After a certain part was cut off, sections of it were very pretty. It was framed and hung on a wall. There is beauty in most every painting but sometimes a part needs to be blocked out. This method was used on a new classmate and we found many remarkable discoveries that led to respect and friendship. It is amazing how negative attitudes change when we block out the troublesome areas and frame the beautiful aspect. May we look for the beauty in every person we meet!

A minister was called on to conduct the funeral of one of his church members, who most people thought of as being rude and not pleasant. The pastor compared him with a tortoise saying that the beauty was all on the inside. He had observed and learned him and found the beauty.

An artist pulled an old ugly stump out of a hog-wallow. It was wondered what he saw in that muddy chunk of wood. It was carried to his shop, carved in the right shape, and made a beautiful flower stand which had a smooth finish. He remarked, "Only a stump seasoned by water and the elements can produce grains on the finished product like this," saying there's little in this world that can't be salvaged and transformed into something beautiful. It is worth our time and effort to dig for the buried treasure. And yes, in people.

Retirement doesn't have to be the end. It's the beginning of something new--maybe something even better than before. Everything has its first beginning.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

Oda Strowd (July 1984)

We take many a spill

As we go down the hill,

But, we laugh, as we go along.

With snow, the eyes ablear.

Snow stuffed ears can't hear.

Everything, at once, goes wrong.

We flounder up from cold depths.

And take faltering steps.

Dizzied, we search the way to go.

But, we gasp, and we shout.

Together, we'll come out,

Readied, to face the sun and the snow.

In spite of the pain,
We'll try it again,
And tackle life once more.

Not, inertly standing still,

We'll limp back up the hill,

And view the landscape o'er.

Mary Auman
1984

TREES

I love my home, the Methodist Retirement Home.

It is in a beautiful setting and surrounded by trees.

North, east, south and west,

It is hard to tell which is best.

I have traveled from coast to coast and of many sights all could boast.

I just love the trees and always there's a breeze that starts them whispering among the tall trees.

The birds too love the trees at 5 A.M. I can hear them. "Chirp chirp, up up," to their little ones they say. And if they do not respond, "Beat it! Beat it, beat it."

These thoughts have come to me and say,
No better way to start
the day.

A member of the tree family is the euonymus and at the beginning of our ambulance driveway we can see in the fall a beautiful bush of flaming color. We think of the burning bush Moses turned aside to see. It is a winged euonymous, a botanist told me. It gets its name from the seed pods. When dry they look like a bird's wing.

It is time to write "finis" and I will remind you of the popular poem by Joyce Kilmer, "Poems were made by folks like me but only God can make a tree."

With faltering steps
the old man
crosses the road
to his mailbox.
Eyes bright
he jerks the door open
to peer inside.
A palsied hand
gropes every inch
trying to find
a treasure there.
Slowly he shuts
the door
then slumps
and shuffles home.

Peggy Key Parrish

DIVINE REMEDY

Today I skinny dipped. Oh don't be shocked I did it in a way that no one knew. Carefully pulled My robe, anchored it fast. No one could see. No one but me. In water cold as ice-it took my breath. Returned it soon, as I cast all upon the waters; quickly all returned to me tenfold: invigorating Remedy divine.

SHRIMP

The word "shrimp" brings back the odor of the Cape Fear River dock where the shrimp was sorted and packed in ice. The large boxes filled with ice and shrimp were constantly being opened. The shrimp would fall on the floor and were never swept up. The dock was built over the mouth of the Cape Fear and the river served to collect the dead fish as well as other rubbish.

There were men in rubber boots and sweaters on the hottest days.

My husband bought a large house overlooking the dock.

The scene any time of day and night was worth viewing by an artist.

For a large area around the dock shrimp could be smelled—fresh or otherwise.

Between the Cape Fear and the ocean was the fish fertilizer factory. If the wind was just right and the factory smells vied with the shrimp odor, one could lose his last meal.

The folks on the Cape Fear were so accustomed to the smells they didn't realize they were any different from the cool breeze of the mountains.

Everyone ate shrimp and the cost of shrimp was the same there as in stores in any part of the state.

When there is shrimp advertized in the cafe I don't have to read the menu to know shrimp is shrimp.

If a person does not have to smell shrimp in all stages of age $\underline{\text{MAYBE}}$ shrimp would not offend the sense of smell.

I still eat shrimp sometimes but I shall never forget the house overlooking the shrimp dock. The odors of shrimp can't ever be forgotten.

Ellie Lewis

CHAINS

About 15, I'd say . . . tight jeans tank top without a bra huge loop earrings waiting pulling hard on cigarettes lit from each other without a match. Lovely features in a face hardened to mask more than her brief tank top reveals.

God, bless this aged child help her receive your love sooth and erase hurts, anger, fear-whatever she must hide--Bless her may her stone face show the light of love.

Peggy Key Parrish

Silhouettes walking
Down the distant hallway.
Closed door, with music
And T.V. voices behind.

Strong lights centering
On a table bright.
Busy hands handling
All cards in sight
Busy brains trying
To plan strategy right.
Busy tongues bringing
To world's problems light.

Activity in the hall.
Groups coming back home.
A quiet family-filled room.
With memories alone.

One day ended--

Mary Auman







